



The Script



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Chapter 1 by Lokman Salikoon

Here a bait to a movie plot. Teenager is trapped, forced to continuously type on his keyboard or the explosives hidden behind the CPU detonates within 50 yards of killing radius. Well, maybe we can toy around with a mouse 'click' instead? Needless to say or argue with. What if that is happening to you right this moment. ..

""It's me, the one you thought you could make fun and pick on all through high school. Not today. It's payback time. Hope you lose a finger at least."

I stopped reading the opening paragraph and took a deep breath before i laid it down to Jeff. "A sequel to 'Click-Click-Click Boom'?", i shudder to the mere mention if its horrendous title.

"It's a perfect 'B' grade flick to slam to, right? That's what the whole motto of my new film production is all about It's a 'feel-good' movie after you trash it to a pulp" Jeff explained, as convincingly as possible, attempting to sell the idea.

"That's the problem Jeff. It's kinda.. interesting, actually. Reminds me of the movie, Spee.."

"Appppapap...shh. never mention such comparison or you'll never get rid of it in mind. Well, obviously you have already been corrupted, guess you're no longer of use to me."

Jeff, dramatically exits awkwardly as possible. You can obviously tell how eager he is, wanting

me on board by his badly attempt of reverse psychology on me. But as soft seemed, the stars has aligned in favor to him as strong as steel. I made the decision to bite the bullet whizzing by.

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if you are still open, for me to join in that is." I half-heatedly, went with the flow, agreeing on being a yes-man to break my boredom engulfing my current being.

Jeff smirked and handed me a invitation card of the next discussion event.

Fancy. A physical invite, complete with name, embossed. Wait-a-min, he planned this all along hasn't he. Well i did admit to take the bait, no point fussing much. I looked at the card and stared at whats enclosed and stated. "

You have got to be kidding me".

Right smack on the gold embossed invitation card, was written the details of the event. I would have shrugged it aside, thinking it was a joke but what it was attached with was a rather convincing sign that this wasn't his normal goose chase. There wrote on the card was as follow.

Forecast for the next 3 days: snow with the temperature ranging between 9-15 degree Celsius.
Essential baggage: warm coat, valid passport, writing materials and plane ticket (enclosed).
Please lookout for Mrs Gale Aberton at Gate 32, 7am. She will advice you further thereon.

Don't be late, signed Jeff, at the back of the card.

Oh boy, what did i agree to?

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